

In Vichy are the poplar and plane
trees, the chestnut and sycamore
leaves dripping shame; but I am not
ashamed of the people of Vichy and I
am not ashamed of France
for its six week war.
Six weeks is a long time
with Germans measuring your casket Great
Britain sizing you up for new
battlefields and cemeteries.

And the girls say
"here you can drink the water."

A Rhetoric of Evil

Americans run down walls
of Nice and Cannes
Cannes and Nice at
12:00 a.m. Marshall's men, Fulbright's
boys.

Americans in St. Tropez
come w/ Mirbeau's winding sheet
stolen from a grave in Neuilly
and the tibia of two Roman tribunes
killed at Aix.

Americans all run down the walls of Nice
and Cannes, of St. Tropez,
through the France of
Paul Cezanne, a highly logical France.

I am one of them.
I am.

In Cannes and Nice there are
no more French except the owners of
hotels and they are
in Sweden.

In Nice they are building hotdog stands.
In Cannes they sell plastic replicas
of Carcassonne.

In Nice and Cannes there are peanut butter
dreams of Kansas City stapled to World War II
stockings for the girls, candy for the children.

One lasting European victory.